Ile thus your hopes destroy, and for further griefe,
God giue you ioy; what, are you both pleased?
Thai. Yes, if you loue me sir.
Per. Euen as my life or blood that fosters it.
King. What are you both agreed?
Amb. Yes if it please your maiesty.
King It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed,
And then with what hast you can, get you to bed.
Exeunt.

Enter Gower,

Now sleepe slaked hath the rout,
No din but snores about the house.
Made lowder by the orefe beast,
Of this most pompous marriage feast:
The Cat with eyne of Burning coale,
Now couches from the Mouses hole;
And Cricket sing at the ouens mouth,
Are the blither for their drouth:
Hymen hath brought the Bride to bed,
Whereby the losse of mayden-head,
A babe is moulded, by attent,
And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly each,
What's dumbe in shew, Ile plaine with speech.

Dumbe Shew.

Enter Pericles & Simonides at on doore with attendants, a Messenger meete them, knelles, & giues Pericles a letter, Pericles shewes it Simonides, the Lords kneele to him; then enter Thaisa with child, with Lychorida a Nurse, the King shewes her the letter, reioyces: she and Pericles take leaue of her father, and depart.

By many a dearne and painefull pearch
Of *Pericles*, the carefull search,
By the foure opposing Crignes,
Which the World together ioynes,
Is made with all due diligence,
That horse and saile, and high expence,
Can steed the quest at last from Tyre,

Fame answering the most strange enquire,
To'th Court of King *Symonides*,
Are letters brought, the tenour these:
Antiochus and his daughter's dead,
The men of *Tyrus*, on the head
Of *Helicanus* would set on
The crowne of *Tyre*, but he will none:
The mutany, he there hastes t'oppresse,
Sayes to them, if King *Pericles*
Come not home in twice sixe Moones,
He obedient to their doomes,
Will take the Crowne: the sum of this
Brought hither to *Pentapolis*,
Ironly shed the Regions round,
And euery one with claps can sound,
Our heyre apparant is a King:
Who dreampt? who thought of such a thing?
Briefe, he must hence depart to *Tyre*,
His *Queene* with childe, makes her desire,
Which who shall crosse along to goe,
Omit we all their dole and woe:
Lychorida her Nurse shee takes,
And so to sea, then vessell shakes,
On *Neptunes* billow, halfe the flood,
Hath their Keele cut: but fortune moou'd
Varies againe: the griesle North
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That as a Ducke for life that driues.
So vp and downe the poore ship diues:
The lady shreekes, and well-a-neere,
Doth fall in trauile with her feare:
And what ensues in this selfe storme,
Shall for it selfe, it selfe performe
I nill relate, action may
Conueniently the rest conuay
Which might not? what by me is told;
In your imagination hold:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22338) LONDON, 1630 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (H.28.e.19) Octavo